

YELLOWJACKETS

Episode 107
"NO COMPASS"

Written by
Katherine Kearns

Directed by
Eva Sørhaug

FULL YELLOW 07/27/21

©2021 SHOWTIME NETWORKS INC. This Teleplay is the sole property of Showtime Networks Inc. No portion may be distributed, published, reformatted, reproduced, sold, used by any means, quoted, communicated, or otherwise disseminated or publicized in any form or media, including without limitation by any written article, television and/or radio interview or on the internet, without the prior written consent of Showtime Networks Inc. No one is authorized to dispose of same. If lost or destroyed, please notify the story department at: Showtime Networks Inc. 1041 N Formosa Ave, Suite 300, West Hollywood, CA 90046.

EXT. TAISSA'S TOWNHOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

We pick right back up with TAISSA from Ep. 106 -- on the ground, hand trembling and dripping blood -- still holding her phone illuminated with Natalie's text: "*It's go time.*"

Taissa's mind races. Fear rising as she (and we) struggle to comprehend why she is where she is or what she's done. As she takes a deep breath, climbing shakily to her feet --

INT. TAISSA'S TOWNHOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

A series of QUICK POPS as we watch Taissa channel her inner LADY MACBETH. She SCRUBS blood from her hands. SCRAPES dirt from beneath her fingernails. Splashes HYDROGEN PEROXIDE on her bite wound, hastily wrapping it in GAUZE. When --

Beside the sink, her cell buzzes with another text from Natalie: "*Hurry the fuck up.*" Off Taissa, as she stares at her blood-shot eyes in the mirror...

VAN (PRE-LAP)

Tai, everyone thinks this is a bad idea.

EXT. HUNTING CABIN - WILDERNESS - EARLY MORNING (1996)

FIND TEEN TAISSA standing opposite the rest of the Yellowjackets around the campfire. It's an intervention. She scans their faces, looking for hints of dissent:

TAISSA

Everyone?

SHAUNA

(if it helps...)

Some of us think there aren't any good ideas.

TAISSA

Well, we have to do *something*. We're starving. There's nothing to hunt. And it might still be warm enough during the day, but it's starting to get cold at night...

MISTY

(realizing)

The animals must be migrating.

TAISSA

That's probably why the only game we've seen for weeks was the one sick deer. And it's just gonna keep getting colder. Not 'I-better-put-on a coat cold.' We're talking 'dying-feels-like-falling-asleep cold.'

LAURA LEE

(pointedly)

What do you think, Lottie?

Everyone looks to Lottie -- who looks down and mutters:

LOTTIE

I... I'm not sure...

Laura Lee looks somehow... disappointed by this response.

TAISSA

Look you guys, not to be an asshole, but I'm not, like, submitting a motion for approval here. Anyone who wants to come with me is welcome. But I'm going.

AKILAH

You're gonna want to take stuff with you though, right? Like food and supplies? That's not up to you.

MARI

You *cannot* take our food.

SHAUNA

We can't just send her out there with nothing...

Finally VAN, who's been quiet, can't take it any longer.

VAN

This is insane. We don't even know where we are, just that we're surrounded by big-ass mountains. What are you now, Edmund fucking Hillary?

MARI

Who?

But Taissa isn't just arguing for argument's sake. She's trying to gain some recruits. Giving Van a sharp look --

TAISSA

Like I said, we're not on an island.
If we go south, we've gotta run into
something eventually. A road. A town.
Anything.

(then)

And we won't need to take much. If
Misty and I are right, the further
south we get, the better for
foraging. And game.

NATALIE

(shaking her head)

You can't take the rifle. I'm all for
what you're trying to do, Tai, but
the gun has to stay here.

Clearly Taissa was counting on that rifle. But, regrouping:

TAISSA

Okay, fine. I could bring some of the
stuff we don't use every day. One of
the axes, the compass...

JACKIE

There's a flare gun in Dead Guy's
plane...

The group is shocked that there's a world where Jackie and
Taissa could ever see eye-to-eye.

VAN

Don't tell me that you, of all
people, are on board with this.

JACKIE

What she's saying makes sense. Maybe
we're like those frogs in the pot
that don't know they're fucked yet.
If she's willing to go...

LAURA LEE

(To Taissa)

What happens if you're wrong? If
there's... just nothing?

TAISSA

I don't know.

LOTTIE

But you do.

Taissa nods. She does.

TAISSA

Yeah. If I'm wrong, I'll die out there.

(then)

I'm leaving in an hour.

And that's all there is to say. As Taissa breaks through the circle, pushing past Van, and marches back into the cabin...

MAIN TITLES

EXT. WILDERNESS - DAY (1996)

We're CLOSE ON the BURNT BODY of the deer we last saw in 106. Its RED ANTLERS now blistered, the parasites that invaded its body now burnt to a crisp. REVEAL LOTTIE as she examines its charred innards. She stops at a singular SPOT of bright WHITE -- a VERTEBRAE of the deer's spine, somehow spared from the destruction of the fire.

LAURA LEE (O.S.)

Why didn't you tell them about your dream?

Lottie glances up to see Laura Lee standing beside her.

LOTTIE

She wouldn't have listened.

Then, Lottie frowns and -- with an audible CRACK -- snaps the pristine vertebrae from the remains of the stag's spine. Off Lottie, as she turns the bone over in her hands...

EXT. HUNTING CABIN - WASH BASIN - DAY (1996)

CLOSE ON THE RIPPLING WATER as -- a thick tuft of hair lands on its surface and starts drifting downstream. REVEAL TAISSA sitting on the bank, cutting off her hair with SCISSORS. Van approaches, taking this in.

VAN

Whoa. What's up, Ripley.

Taissa looks up. Explains --

TAISSA

I'm sick of worrying about it. I have to travel light.

Van nods somberly.

VAN

It's pretty hot, actually.

Van sits down next to her. A quiet beat as she considers the thought of losing the best thing she has in the worst place possible. Clearly, Taissa's thinking the same thing.
Still --

TAISSA

You're not gonna be able to talk me out of this.

VAN

Yeah, I know. That's why I'm coming with you.

TAISSA

(shaking her head)

Stop.

Van looks out at the water, mind drifting as the fractal surface reflects the sunlight.

VAN

You know, I've only been to New York City once. It was on my seventh birthday, and all I wanted was a soft pretzel and to ride in a horse-drawn carriage through Central Park. lame, I know, but like I said, I was seven. Instead, my parents dragged me to see cats. *Fucking Cats*.

(softly)

I want to go back to New York, Tai. I want to go with you and just be... who we are.

TAISSA

Van...

VAN

I know I don't *have* to come with you. I *need* to. Because you're right; I can't die without at least trying to get there.

Van and Taissa share a look of real understanding.

VAN (CONT'D)

And with you as our fearless leader, who knows - we might actually make it.

(then, sincerely)

Seriously. I trust you, Tai.

As this lands on Taissa, they share a look. Leaning closer, when -- the sound of FOOTSTEPS separates them as Mari and Akilah approach. The look at Taissa and Van, determined and apprehensive in equal measure.

MARI

Hey. We talked and... we're coming, too. Okay?

Taissa nods and smiles. Off this newly assembled crew...

INT. HUNTING CABIN - BACK BEDROOM - WILDERNESS - DAY (1996)

Travis rummages through his SUITCASE on the bed, taking out various supplies - shirts, jeans, socks -- and shoving them into his more portable BACKPACK.

He doesn't notice as Natalie quietly enters the doorway. She watches him pack for a moment. Then, as he pulls out and considers a bottle of OLD SPICE COLOGNE --

NATALIE

Hot date?

Travis looks up. Blushing slightly, and covering --

TRAVIS

Yeah. Me and Cindy Crawford are meeting up later at the meat shack. Jealous?

Natalie rolls her eyes as she walks over and takes the bottle out of his hand. As she unscrews the cap --

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

My mom got it for me for Christmas. I figured it might be good to bring as like, disinfectant or whatever. In case, you know...

Natalie sniffs the bottle. Raising an eyebrow --

NATALIE

I like it. Very... sexy grandpa.

Travis gives her a look and snatches the bottle back. Natalie watches as he packs it in his go-bag. A little hesitant --

NATALIE (CONT'D)

...So you're going with them, then?

He looks back at her, clearly as torn as she is. Neither wanting to admit it. He shrugs.

TRAVIS

I mean, not to be a sexist tool, but I feel like they might need a guy out there, so.

NATALIE

Aw, don't be so hard on yourself. With a little effort you could probably overcome the sexist part.

TRAVIS

Alright, vagina monologues.

She makes a face at him. As he continues to pack - -

NATALIE

Is... Javi okay with you going?

TRAVIS

He's too busy following Shauna around to care. He probably won't even notice I'm gone.

NATALIE

Oh.

She bites her lip as he zips up his pack. He hesitates, as though wanting her to say more. When she doesn't, he picks up the backpack and looks to the door.

TRAVIS

Well... I guess I should probably go check if they're--

NATALIE

(blurting)
Travis, don't.

He turns back, surprised.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

I know this makes me, like, this totally selfish asshole, but I-- I don't want you to go, okay? I mean, I'm sure they'll be fine, but I can't-- I mean, I think I might...

She takes a breath and looks up at him with naked honesty.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

I just want you to stay.

TRAVIS
 (a beat; then, nodding)
 Yeah. Okay.

He crosses back and kisses her. Then, as she playfully tackles him to the bed, off their laughter -- and obvious relief at his decision to stay...

EXT. HUNTING CABIN - PORCH - WILDERNESS - LATER (1996)

Van, Akilah, and Mari quietly pack up their stuff -- rolling up blankets, pillows, and personal amenities into their respective bags.

LOTTIE (O.S.)
 If you have to go, will you at least take this?

VAN looks up and sees Lottie holding out the stag's vertebrae from the fire. A *talisman*. Mari and Akilah exchange a slightly anxious look. Lottie is starting to freak people out with this stuff. But Van is oddly curious.

VAN
 What... is it?

LOTTIE
 Just take it. I think it'll keep you safe.

VAN
 (hesitant)
 Like a lucky rabbit's foot.

Van takes it and looks at it. Lottie hesitates.

LOTTIE
 I had a dream last night. There was... I don't know. Red smoke... and a river of blood...
 (then; re: the bone)
 Just promise you won't lose it, okay?

VAN
 Yeah, sure, Lot. Thanks.

Mari and Akilah exchange an uneasy look as Lottie leaves - *the hell was that?* Off Van, studying Lottie's offering...

INT. HUNTING CABIN - WILDERNESS- DAY (1996)

Find Misty alone in the cabin as the others prepare - either to leave, or to say their goodbyes. She paces in front of the fireplace, looking agitated, then stops at the window.

Outside on the porch are the soon-to-be expedition party: Van, Akilah, Mari. Beyond them, BEN SCOTT sits by the campfire, helping Taissa practice setting one of the small ANIMAL TRAPS from the cabin.

FROM MISTY'S POV -- CLOSE ON BEN. He rubs his ruggedly stubbled jaw... gives Taissa an encouraging smile... the morning light catching his face just so...

Back on Misty, watching him reverently. Then, as she shakes her head -- as though coming to a major decision...

EXT. HUNTING CABIN - WILDERNESS - LATER (1996)

ON the full Yellowjackets crew, as they bid farewell to the expedition party. Natalie, Travis and Ben Scott wish Van luck, while Mari and Akilah hug Laura Lee and Jackie, when --

MISTY
Wait! Wait for me!

Misty barrels down the cabin steps with her backpack. Taissa, Van, Akilah and Mari look at her with dubious surprise. But obviously no one is more shocked by this news than --

MISTY (CONT'D)
Ben --
(catching herself)
I mean... Coach. Please don't try to stop me. I've given it a lot of thought and I just... I think my team needs me more right now.

On Ben Scott, as he processes this news.

BEN SCOTT
Oh. Wow. That's... really brave, Misty. I'll do the best I can without you.

MISTY
(to Ben, semi-sotto)
I'll come back for you. I promise.

MEANWHILE, Shauna strides over to Taissa and delivers a BAG full of what little supplies the group could spare.

SHAUNA

I wish we could give you more...

TAISSA

Thanks.

(smiling; bittersweet)

Hey, try not to do anything stupid while I'm gone.

SHAUNA

Can't make any promises...

(then)

Take care, okay?

Jackie eyes their exchange from a distance, narrowing her eyes as Shauna wraps Taissa in a tight bear hug. Then -- off Taissa, as she leads the expedition party into the unknown.

INT. TAISSA'S CAR (PARKED) / EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

Taissa, still vibrating with panic from her feral wake-up beneath the tree, grips the steering wheel to steady herself. She is Taissa Turner. She can handle this. *Manage it.* She just needs another minute before this bullshit starts.

Taissa is parked on a SIDE STREET. THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD -- we see that she has a semi-obstructed view of NATALIE through the shrubs and bungalows of the motel grounds. Natalie SMOKES a cigarette impatiently, waiting for Taissa and Shauna.

HEADLIGHTS SWEEP Natalie. Taissa sees Shauna's MINIVAN pulling up in the motel PARKING LOT. Taissa takes a deep INHALE. Then as she throws her car into DRIVE --

EXT. MOTEL - MOMENTS LATER (PRESENT DAY)

Taissa pulls her Range Rover into a spot next to Shauna's, as Shauna is climbing out. Shauna has an old RAGGEDY GYM BAG in the style of an army duffel. It has a CHILD'S FADED, PAINTED- ON HANDPRINTS on it, sweat stains and a fraying strap.

Shauna and Taissa approach Natalie as Natalie eyes them and crushes out her cigarette --

NATALIE

What part of "hurry up" did you not understand?

Taissa scoffs and shares a look with Shauna.

TAISSA

(re: Natalie)

It takes her getting blackmailed to finally care about being late.

SHAUNA

(to Natalie)

We happen to have families. We can't just -- sneak out a window whenever the hell we feel like it.

A beat. A sudden awkwardness in the cool night air.

SHAUNA (CONT'D)

Sorry. I didn't mean it like--

Natalie shrugs it off --

NATALIE

Let's go. I don't want to miss a minute of kicking the shit out of this fuckface.

SHAUNA

Where's the money?

Natalie reaches in her shoulder bag.

NATALIE

Right here.

She takes out an opaque plastic bag taped around a solid rectangle the size of a bill and about 4 inches high.

SHAUNA

That's fifty grand?

NATALIE

In hundreds, yeah.

SHAUNA

Kind of disappointing, by heist movie standards.

TAISSA

(to Shauna)

You got the tracker?

Shauna nods and takes out a GPS TRACKER, a TILE about the size of a checkerboard square --

SHAUNA

One of Amazon's top sellers. I guess secretly tracking people is huge right now.

Natalie starts unwrapping the tape around the plastic bag. Taissa stops her -- takes Shauna's duffel and holds it open --

TAISSA

We're supposed to put the cash in a duffel bag.

(off Natalie, "who cares")

Those were the instructions!

NATALIE

Are you worried we won't get an "A" in BLACKMAIL VICTIMS 101?

TAISSA

No, I'm worried if we do this wrong, Fuckface might actually ruin our lives.

NATALIE

Fine. But we should put the tracker between the bills.

SHAUNA

But if they check the money, they'll see it.

TAISSA

They'll see it in the bag, too.

NATALIE

Great. So -- your idea was shit?

SHAUNA

No, I just -- thought the money would be bigger. We'll fill the bag with other stuff. The more there is to go through...

NATALIE

What kind of "other stuff"?

Shauna shrugs. Taissa, already on empty, is at a loss. Natalie sighs, grabs the duffel, then marches over to an abandoned MAID'S CART still brimming with TRASH and dirty towels. She starts stuffing the bag with trash and towels--

NATALIE (CONT'D)

(re: duffel)

Where'd you get this Etsy reject,
anyway?

SHAUNA

My daughter made it, for Father's
Day, back when she was cute. I took
it from Jeff's "Special Keeps."

NATALIE

Guess you're not as sentimental as
the hubby, huh?

SHAUNA

Excuse me. I'm trying to help you
guys.

Natalie scoffs, then grabs the TRACKER and ceremoniously
drops it into a CHEETOS BAG, which she CRUMPLES UP and
shoves deep inside the duffel. She ZIPS it with a
flourish --

NATALIE

There. It's a goddamn needle in a
haystack. Can we go yet?

TAISSA

Please.

NATALIE

Great. Give me your keys.

TAISSA

What? Why?

NATALIE

It's my money. I should make the
drop.

Natalie waits stubbornly. Taissa looks to Shauna, who
shrugs--

SHAUNA

Makes sense to me.

Taissa relents and reluctantly tosses Natalie her keys.
Natalie catches them and gets into Taissa's Range Rover --

NATALIE

Meet me one block east -- at Carlyle
and DeWalt. Don't fucking take
forever.

She slams the door. Sits there a beat. Taissa and Shauna trade a look: *what's going on?* Natalie opens the door again.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

How do you fucking start this thing.

Off Shauna and Taissa, this is gonna be a night...

INT. HUNTING CABIN - WILDERNESS - DAY (1996)

Shauna enters the cabin, heading for the pantry -- and the attic -- only to find Jackie waiting, arms crossed.

SHAUNA

Hey. Everybody's heading down to the lake. I'm just gonna go change.

But Jackie moves to block the stairs, arms crossed.

JACKIE

Nope. You are finally gonna tell me what the hell is going on.

SHAUNA

What?.. Stop being weird.
(when Jackie doesn't move)
Jackie. Nothing's going on.

JACKIE

Okay. Liar.

Shauna rolls her eyes and tries to brush past Jackie, who -- at the end of her rope -- turns and attempts to shove the retractable stairs back up into their trap door. Straining with the (fruitless) effort --

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Oh my god, why are these so heavy?!

SHAUNA

Are you done?

JACKIE

(whirling on her)
I'm not fucking done. You're obviously hiding something and it's making me feel crazy!

(then)

Remember when your parents first separated, and you told me that your dad wasn't around because he got a new job as the President of Hello Kitty?

(MORE)

JACKIE (CONT'D)

That was literally more convincing than you're being right now. Shauna, I've seen you sneaking around and whispering with Taissa. Not to mention the fact that you've been acting all weird and distant for like, weeks. So spill. I mean, are you really going to keep something from me out here?

(then; off her silence)

I just can't figure it out. What did I do? When did you stop wanting me to be your best friend?

Jackie tears up a little. On Shauna, overwhelmed with guilt -- unable to take it anymore --

SHAUNA

(blurting)

I'm pregnant.

A shocked beat. Jackie's eyes go wide.

JACKIE

...What?

Shauna nods, miserable... but relieved to finally let it out.

SHAUNA

Taissa figured it out when she caught me faking my period...

JACKIE

I mean... *how did this happen?*

SHAUNA

Well, when a man and a women...

JACKIE

I can't believe this. You lost your virginity before me? Holy shit, Shauna. With who?

Shauna hesitates, almost imperceptibly, before saying the first name that comes to mind --

SHAUNA

...Randy?

JACKIE

Randy? Jeff's Randy? I mean, I guess he's your Randy now, but...

(MORE)

JACKIE (CONT'D)
 (mind blown)
 Wow. Virginity. Baby. Randy. Randy? I
 have so many questions...

Shauna looks up, self-conscious, as Laura Lee enters the cabin's front door. Jackie clocks her friend's worried look. She gives Shauna a quick hug--

JACKIE (CONT'D)
 (conspiratorial)
 Don't worry. We're gonna get through
 this.

Jackie leaves. Off Shauna, wondering if this really might be as easy as that...

EXT. STREET - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

A DIVERSE GROUP OF SMILING CHILDREN gives "thumbs up" in front of a RAINBOW. WE PULL OUT from a PHOTO plastered on a clothing DONATION BOX for a charity named "THE FRIENDLY FOUNDATION."

REVEAL NATALIE in Taissa's Range Rover, parked and IDLING near the box. It's 2 a.m. -- time for "the drop" -- and the street is DARK and sparsely populated.

Natalie scans the NEIGHBORHOOD, feeling like she's being watched. A HOMELESS WOMAN forages in a dumpster... Did she just give Nat a look? Is she the blackmailer in disguise? A LAUGHING COUPLE passes by on the other side of the street... Stumbling home from a party, or could they be a part of this?

Natalie pops her car door and gets out. Holding the duffel, she approaches the DONATION BOX, half-hoping that someone will leap out of the shadows and jump her. At least then she'd be closer to figuring out who the fuck killed Travis.

ON NATALIE, no such luck. Self-consciously, she opens the chute of the donation box and lets the duffel slide into it. Then turns around to face the STREET. Except for the HUM of the STREETLIGHTS (and the idling car)... all is VERY QUIET.

INT. SHAUNA'S MINIVAN / EXT. STREET - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

Shauna and Taissa, both staring at their PHONES, sit in the front waiting for Natalie. On their SCREENS -- an identical map with a PULSING DOT indicating the location of the duffel.

TAISSA
 (a bit numb)
 It's cool how this app allows for
 multiple users.

SHAUNA
 Yeah, now the wife and the mistress
 can be pissed off.

Taissa gives her a look.

TAISSA
 Trouble on the home front?

SHAUNA
 What gave you that idea?

Off Shauna's uninviting smile, Taissa decides to drop it. A
 beat, and then -- Taissa puts down her phone in irritation.

TAISSA
 She tells us not to take forever? How
 long does it take to drive a block?

SHAUNA
 Maybe she stopped to score drugs.

TAISSA
 (a grim laugh)
 God, I hope not. The pay cut I took
 to run for Senate isn't gonna fund
another stint in rehab.

SHAUNA
 Fuck, Tai, did you really?

TAISSA
 Yeah.

SHAUNA
 Why?
 (Taissa shrugs)
 Jesus that's just enabling her to
 repeat the same cycle. She's gotta
 learn to get her own shit together.

TAISSA
 And if she never does?

Shauna shrugs -- so be it. Taissa gives her a hard look.

TAISSA (CONT'D)
 Is that how you really feel? Shauna,
 don't you think about it?
 (MORE)

TAISSA (CONT'D)

Why some people can cope with what's thrown at them, while others are brought to their knees? I have Simone, Sammy, you have Jeff and Callie. Did we do something to "deserve it?" It's just Fate that gave us that. Isn't it?

(Shauna just listens)

Who does Natalie have? Other than Travis over the years -- and we know that was a fucking train wreck -- who does she really have? No one. And now, she has less.

(then)

We wouldn't be here if it wasn't for her. So, I do what I can. Not just for her. For me.

As Shauna takes that in, blown away by Taissa's honesty, a pair of HEADLIGHTS pulls in behind them. Natalie. We see her get out of the Range Rover and get noisily into the MINIVAN.

TAISSA (CONT'D)

(unsympathetic)

'Fuck took you so long?

Natalie slumps in the backseat and tosses a bag up to them --

NATALIE

I stopped at a gas station, but I couldn't find cups.

Shauna reaches in the bag and pulls out a partially-drunk BOTTLE OF WHISKEY. She looks at Natalie, confused.

SHAUNA

You found a gas station in Jersey that sells liquor at 2 a.m.?

NATALIE

No, I bought it off the clerk. How else do you think they get through the night shift?

Shauna and Taissa exchange a glance -- another of Nat's old addict tricks -- never failing to enlighten.

TAISSA

Did you see anyone at the drop?

Natalie sinks in, so fatigued and sick of this shit.

NATALIE

If I had, I would've told you. Hurry up and pass that back here...

Shauna gives Taissa a look: *Still feeling charitable?* Taissa gives her a "fuck you" smile and picks up her phone to check the PULSING DOT. Still nothing.

TAISSA

C'mon, Fuckface, take the money.

And off our three waiting women --

EXT. WILDERNESS - DAY (1996)

The expedition group traverses through dark and dense woods. The new environment is a little eerie, but Akilah and Mari push through their nerves by playfully toying with Misty.

AKILAH

(to Misty)

I can't believe you chose us over Coach Scott. That man is *fine*.

MARI

Yeah. If I was getting a taste of that, I'd never leave...

Misty blushes, not totally picking up on the fact that they're teasing her. Playing it coy (badly) --

MISTY

I don't know what you're talking about.

(then)

Okay, honestly, it wasn't an easy decision. But you guys... you're my best friends. *Many people will walk in and out of your life, but only true friends will leave footprints in your heart.* That's Eleanor Roosevelt.

Off Misty, duty-bound, WE MOVE to the front of the pack, as Taissa clocks the bone Lottie gave Van, now on a piece of twine around her neck.

TAISSA

What the hell is that?

VAN

Oh, it's... I dunno. Lottie gave it to me.

TAISSA

(rolling her eyes)

Seriously? I'm just saying, you know if this was a horror movie she'd be the villain, right?

VAN

(counters)

And you know if this was a horror movie, you'd be the first to die.

TAISSA

Why, because I'm Black?

VAN

Because you're the skeptical one. They always go first, so the rest of us can keep doing dumb shit and die in unnecessarily brutal ways.

(then)

But, now that I think about it, why does the Black character always die first...?

Taissa nods like as if to say, *welcome to my world*.

VAN (CONT'D)

Anyway, for the record, Lottie did predict Prom Queen last year. And the whole Mr. Jenkins scandal.

(off Taissa's look)

What? She *did*. Oh my god, chill. Jesus you get so serious about this shit...

Van gives Taissa a playful push, easing the slight tension, but clearly something about Lottie -- and Van's attitude towards her -- gets under Taissa's skin...

TAISSA

I'm worried about her, that's all. There's something not right there. And she's just getting worse...

INT. MISTY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

CLOSE ON CAMERA FOOTAGE of KEVYN, asleep in Natalie's motel room. PULL OUT TO REVEAL MISTY, entranced by the video feed on her tablet. The hidden camera she installed in 105 to keep an eye on Natalie has proven useful in more ways than one.

JESSICA ROBERTS (O.S.)
 (muffled)
 MISTY! GOD FUCKING DAMNIT, MISTY!!!

Misty ignores the blatant cry for help, continuing her voyeurism. She PINCH ZOOMS to get a better look at Kevyn's shirtless body when, again, she's interrupted --

JESSICA ROBERTS (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 I KNOW YOU CAN HEAR ME!

Misty huffs and dramatically sets the tablet down.

MISTY
 (sotto)
 Unfortunately...

Misty gets up and crosses to the BASEMENT DOOR. As she takes a KEY out of her pocket and undoes a series of HEAVY DEADBOLTS....

INT. SHAUNA'S MINIVAN / EXT. STREET - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

Shauna, Taissa, and Natalie are still waiting for the PULSING DOT to move. Their fatigue and frustration are palpable -- and they're a little drunk. The WHISKEY BOTTLE is now half empty, currently between Shauna's legs. She takes a swig --

SHAUNA
 This is unacceptable. Blackmail us, fine, but it's 3:34. Why have us show up at 2:00 if you're just gonna keep us waiting?

TAISSA
 Maybe they're scouring the area makeing sure we're not waiting.

SHAUNA
 Then find us already. I am not impressed.

She takes another pissed off swig.

NATALIE
 (re: bottle)
 Maybe slow down?

SHAUNA
 What for. This is already a trainwreck.

Taissa takes the bottle from Shauna, hands it back to Nat. She shoots Shauna a pleading look.

TAISSA
It will be at this rate.

Natalie takes a drink. Shauna recalibrates--sort of.

SHAUNA
You're right. We should make the most of this quality time. Tai, how are the wife and kid?

TAISSA
Fine.

SHAUNA
And the campaign, also fine? What happened to your hand, by the way?

Taissa looks down at her bandaged hand.

TAISSA
Oh... I don't... Nothing, just a-- nothing.

SHAUNA
Okay, then. Great chat.

An awkward silence falls over them. After a long beat--

NATALIE
Well if anyone wants to know. I'm fucking Kevyn Tan.

This unexpected piece of personal information finally cuts through the tension. Taissa and Shauna both turn around, disarmed and genuinely interested--

SHAUNA
Really? The goth kid?

NATALIE
He's a cop now.

TAISSA
You're kidding me.

NATALIE
And he has kids.

SHAUNA
Wow. That sounds... complicated.

NATALIE

(shrugs)

Not to me. It's... I dunno. Nice.

Shauna and Taissa trade a look, their earlier conversation about Natalie resonating. If Natalie notices, she doesn't let on as -- DING! All their phones LIGHT UP AT ONCE.

They grab for them. The tracker app shows the PULSING DOT moving along a street on a MAP. Shauna turns the key but as the minivan COUGHS TO LIFE, she admits --

SHAUNA

Shit. I shouldn't drive. If we die, we'll never know who's doing this.

TAISSA

Get out, c'mon, switch!

NATALIE

I'll drive--

SHAUNA

No.

TAISSA

No.

WE CUT WIDE as Shauna and Taissa POP their doors, the PINGING of the minivan ECHOING in the deserted street. And as they hurry around the car, awkwardly changing places --

CUT TO:

INT. HUNTING CABIN - BACK BEDROOM - WILDERNESS - DAY (1996)

Travis sits on the bed, reading a tattered copy of *Beowulf*. Natalie enters, carefully shutting the door behind her.

NATALIE

Hey.

Giving him a playful look --

NATALIE (CONT'D)

You hear that?

He lowers the book, listening. Shaking his head 'no' --

TRAVIS

I don't hear anything...

Natalie grins. Pulling her shirt over her head --

NATALIE

Exactly.

She flops down next to him on the bed, pulling him close. He grins back and -- it's on. Quickly, the kissing escalates, hands grasping, his shirt coming off, too... buttons unbuttoning, pants shimmied out of and kicked onto the floor. It's hot, and sweet, and a little sweaty. Breaking a kiss --

NATALIE (CONT'D)

I'm glad you stayed...

Before he can respond, she starts kissing down his chest:

TRAVIS

Whoa, hey. What if someone--

NATALIE

(looking up at him)

They all went down to the lake. Well, except for Coach who's outside enjoying his new life without Misty. And it's not like we wouldn't hear him coming, so... I think we're good.

And with that, she continues her journey south. ON TRAVIS'S FACE - breath hitching, muscles tensing --

TRAVIS

Oh, god... Nat...

His breath quickens as she reaches her destination. He lets out a little moan, closing his eyes as she starts going down on him. A beat. Then his eyes flutter back open -- a flicker of anxiety fighting the obvious pleasure. Glancing down --

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Whoa, Nat, hey, hold on. Uh...

He pulls her back up to him. She gives him a confused look.

NATALIE

Oh. Did you not like--

TRAVIS

No, no. I-- Here, wait, we should--

He leans over the bed, fumbling for something in a pile of dirty clothes on the floor next to the bed. Finally coming up with one of Ben Scott's CONDOMS.

NATALIE

Are... you sure?

TRAVIS

Yeah. Just let me--

He rips open one of the condom wrappers and turns away to put one on. On Natalie's face for an awkwardly long beat.

NATALIE

...Do you want me to-- ?

TRAVIS

No-- it's fine.

She moves towards him, touching his shoulder

NATALIE

They're kinda tricky--

TRAVIS

(a little defensive)

I got it.

Not wanting to make him more insecure, she slips under the bedding, sliding off her underwear. Finally, he joins her beneath the thin sheet, almost translucent with years of washing and wear.

Travis positions himself above her and looks down: her face Luminous with want, sunlight filtering down through the diaphanous fabric. She is almost too beautiful to look at. Travis looks awestruck, trembling with desire and nerves. He is, in a word, overwhelmed.

Perhaps sensing the state he's in, she reaches up to meet his lips with a kiss. Then, whispering in his ear -- trying on the role of a sultry seductress --

NATALIE

I want you so bad right now.

The words feel unnatural coming out of her mouth. Travis clocks it, too--

TRAVIS

You don't have to... talk like that.

Now they're *both* self-conscious.

NATALIE

Sorry, I just...
(forging ahead)
Ready?

He nods. But now Travis is even more up in his head -- the staggering intensity of the moment becoming a crushing pressure to *do this right*.

And as he moves to consummate the act, it becomes clear that at least part of him... isn't. He cringes, beginning to panic, his face starting to flush.

TRAVIS
Shit. I... hang on.

Realizing what's happening -- that he's started to lose his erection -- Natalie starts to blush as well. Uncertainly reaching down --

NATALIE
Oh. Should I--?

TRAVIS
No, I -- I
(panic rising)
Fuck. I'm sorry, I--

NATALIE
It's okay. Hey, Travis...

He rolls off of her, avoiding eye contact for all he's worth.

TRAVIS
Fuck.

He pulls his boxers back on. An awkward beat. Natalie just looks at him, insecure -- was it her? Wanting desperately to know what to say... But her silence just makes his humiliation worse. She reaches out to touch his shoulder, but again he brushes her off, nearly bolting out of the bed.

NATALIE
Where are you going?

TRAVIS
(pulling on the rest of
his clothes)
I don't know. I just-- I'm sorry.
I... I gotta go. I'm sorry.

And with that he flees the room. Off Natalie, what the fuck just happened...

EXT. LAKE - WILDERNESS - DAY (1996)

Find Jackie and Shauna in a secluded cove of the lake. We can hear, but not see, the others as they swim.

JACKIE
Tell me everything.
(MORE)

JACKIE (CONT'D)
 (off Shauna's look)
 Was it... good?

SHAUNA
 I don't know. It was just the one
 time. It hurt a little. And it only
 lasted like, three minutes.

JACKIE
 Oh, Randy.
 (cringing)
 Ugh, god, now I'm picturing it. Like,
 his little butt, just--

SHAUNA
 (laughing; horrified)
 Stop! Jackie...

JACKIE
 Seriously though, when did this even
 happen? How could I possibly have
 missed it?

SHAUNA
 I have a life outside of you, you
 know...

JACKIE
 (robot voice)
Does not compute.

Jackie's playing, but Shauna bristles, ever so slightly.

SHAUNA
 It was the night of Mari's birthday,
 okay? You and Jeff bailed early,
 remember, and then I had too much
 Malibu and milk, and...

JACKIE
 I told you to stop drinking that! I
 mean, mostly because it's disgusting,
 not because I thought it would lead
 to the conception of Randy Walsh's
 love child, but still...

SHAUNA
 Duly noted.

Jackie cocks her head, thinking. She glances at Shauna.

JACKIE

Are you sure it was Mari's birthday?
I'd swear that was the night we had
to go back and give Randy a ride home
'cause he puked in the pool.

Shauna shrugs. Smoothly --

SHAUNA

Yeah, well... I guess we were both
pretty drunk. So much for making it
special, right?

JACKIE

...Right.

Shauna lies back to float, hoping Jackie will just let it
go. Jackie watches her best friend for a moment. Her face
unreadable. Finally --

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Shauna, what are you going to do?

A beat. Shauna looks over - at least, in this moment,
finally able to tell the truth.

SHAUNA

Honestly? I have no fucking clue.

Off Jackie, the reality of the situation truly setting in --
and perhaps sensing that the best friend's story doesn't
totally add up...

EXT. WILDERNESS - NIGHT (1996)

Taissa, Akilah, Mari, and Misty sit around a small fire at
their basecamp for the night. Trying their best to forget
that they're out here all alone...

VAN

...But then get this, after Bill
Pullman falls in love with Sandra,
his fucking brother WAKES UP!

A collective GASP. The girls lean in, eager to hear the
rest.

VAN (CONT'D)

It's a whole ass mess. I mean, the
dude actually thinks Sandra is his
fucking fiancé, and just when --

Suddenly, HOWLS ring out in the distance, interrupting Van's lively summary. Their good mood instantly dissipates, replaced by a deep sense of unease.

MISTY

Were those... wolves?

Playing leader, Taissa tries to talk everyone down.

TAISSA

We'll be fine. Wolves are scared of humans. Besides, it doesn't sound like they're very close.

MARI

I don't see how a pack of wolves could be scared of five starving teenage girls.

TAISSA

If we keep the fire going, we should be fine.

(off their faces)

We can take turns keeping watch, just to be extra safe, but I really don't think we need to worry.

This all makes sense. But so does their fear, and it isn't easily overcome. And, *fuck is the night spooky...*

Seeing how concerned Taissa is about morale out here, Van gives her a reassuring look. Jumping back in --

VAN

You know who *does* have to worry? Our girl Sandy...

As the girls turn their attention back to the story -- Off Taissa, thankful for Van's humor and help...

CUT TO:

INT. MISTY'S HOUSE - BUNKER - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

A small, old-fashioned rabbit-ear TV, hooked up to an ancient currently playing a VHS copy of, you guessed it, *While You Were Sleeping*. As Bill Pullman tries to figure out what the hell is going on --

FIND JESSICA ROBERTS, hands cuffed and chained to the bed. The piece of duct tape that was once covering her mouth now hangs from her cheek.

JESSICA

What do you want from me?

Reverse to reveal Misty, sitting in a chair beside her.

MISTY

I want you to tell me the truth.

JESSICA

Okay. Your haircut is unflattering.

MISTY

Hmm. If the easy way isn't going to work is there something else we could try? Let me think...

(then)

The reason you're here is simple: I'm protecting my friends. You see, I've put all the pieces together, and all roads lead to you.

(off Jessica's look)

You've been blackmailing us. And stalking us. And I *know* you killed Travis...

JESSICA

This is insane. Blackmail? I have no idea what you're talking about. And I didn't kill--

MISTY

Don't bother. We both know what you did.

Jessica doesn't respond. Silently processing. Calculating. Finally she decides on a line of play:

JESSICA

You just *think* it was me. If you really knew, I wouldn't be here.

A beat. Finally, Misty shrugs.

MISTY

Okay, fine. I don't think you killed Travis. Honestly, I'm not even sure he was murdered. But I know you know something; I just don't know what it is. Yet.

(then)

You seem surprisingly calm by the way.

JESSICA

(shrugs)

Not the first time I've been a
hostage.

MISTY

(impressed)

Cool.

(then)

Just how did you find out about the
symbol, anyway?

JESSICA

What symbol? Look, all I know is
Taissa Turner hired me to look into
everyone who made it back from the
wilderness. To find out if anyone
would talk.

Jessica says it almost matter-of-factly, but she's watching
Misty closely to see how she'll react to this tidbit. And
Jessica sees Misty flinch -- it's subtle, but she clocks it.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Oh, but Travis was murdered, by the
way. You might not be sure about
that, but I am.

MISTY

Why?

JESSICA

No. See, in the business we call *this*
leverage. Let me out of here and I'll
tell you everything I know. We're
actually on the same side, Misty. We
should be partners on this. We'll
figure out who killed Travis
together.

That word "partners" hangs in the air as Misty takes that
in. Considering how little Jessica is working with, it's a
decent pitch. Misty smiles.

MISTY

What happened to the other person who
took you hostage, anyway?

JESSICA

He lived happily ever after.

Misty laughs, then stands and walks to Jessica's bedside.

MISTY

This is fun!

Without warning, Misty slaps her once, hard, across the face before re-sticking the duct tape over her mouth.

MISTY (CONT'D)

But you're wrong. You only have leverage if I'm not willing to *make* you tell me what I want to know. Which actually means you have no leverage at all...

And with that she exits. Off Jessica clinging to the hope that Misty is bluffing...

INT. HUNTING CABIN - ATTIC - WILDERNESS - MORNING (1996)

Shauna climbs up the stairs, toothbrush in hand, to find Javi standing over he stuff.

SHAUNA

(pointed)
Um. Hi.

Javi whirls, looking a little like a deer in the headlights.

JAVI

Sorry. I, um-- just came to see if I could borrow the hunting knife.

Shauna walks over to her sleeping area and pulls the HUNTING KNIFE from her BACKPACK. A little terse --

SHAUNA

You can't just go through people's private stuff, you know.
(then, hesitating)
What do you want it for? I feel like I'm not supposed to give a giant knife to a little kid.

JAVI

(a little offended)
I'm in 7th grade. And it's I dunno. Kind of an art protect. It's probably dumb...

Shauna sighs, feeling bad about giving him a hard time. Handing the knife over --

SHAUNA

Here. Just, be careful, okay?

He nods, taking the knife. Shauna watches him go, then suddenly notices her JOURNAL sitting out in plain sight, on the floor next to her bedding.

She throws a suspicious look at Javi's head disappearing down the trap door, then protectively picks up the journal, looking it over once before sliding it into a HIDING PLACE -- a small ledge in the rafters. Off Shauna, unsettled...

INT. SHAUNA'S MINIVAN (MOVING) / EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

Taissa drives, Shauna shotgun, Natalie still in back. Shauna stares at her cell as they close in on the PULSING DOT --

SHAUNA

Right, right up here!

Taissa takes a fast corner to REVEAL, up ahead of them -- a "THE FRIENDLY FOUNDATIONS" COLLECTION TRUCK (the photo and logo from the donation box is on its rear sliding door).

TAISSA

What's going on? Is this what was supposed to happen?

NATALIE

(concluding)

The driver must be in on it.

The truck pulls through an opening in some CHAIN LINK FENCING -- the parking lot of a WAREHOUSE. We see some LIGHTS BURNING inside and a SIGN reading "THE FRIENDLY FOUNDATION 24-HOUR DROPOFFS" -- late night volunteer operations to sort and stock new donations.

Taissa pulls the minivan into the shadows as our women watch the truck, BEEPING, back slowing in to an empty LOADING DOCK.

SHAUNA

Well. What should we--

Natalie is out the door. Before Taissa and Shauna can stop her, she is striding toward the truck as the DRIVER gets out.

EXT. DONATION WAREHOUSE - LOADING DOCK - MOMENTS LATER

WHAM! Natalie shoves the shocked DRIVER up against the truck-- Shauna and Taissa running toward her in b.g.

NATALIE
Who the fuck are you?

DRIVER
What the hell--

The driver tries to twist away, but Natalie jams her forearm hard against his throat--

NATALIE
You are blackmailing us, or you know who is. *Which is it?*

DRIVER
(strained)
No-- I just work here --

NATALIE
Don't lie to me!

And now, surprising everyone, Natalie pulls out a GLOCK 9mm PISTOL and shoves it into the man's gut --

TAISSA
Nat, stop!

SHAUNA
Holy shit--

DRIVER
(terrified)
Oh god don't shoot me just take the truck take it!

As suddenly -- we hear the grating noise of the truck's back door being flung open. A MAN in a BALACLAVA stumbles out with the DUFFEL BAG and takes off running into the warehouse.

NATALIE
Hey!

TAISSA
There he is!

Natalie lets go of the driver and starts running after the balaclava guy, hauling ass. Taissa turns to Shauna, trying to think --

TAISSA (CONT'D)
I'll follow her. You -- get in the car and circle the warehouse. See if he comes out anywhere!

INT. DONATION WAREHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The man pushes past WORKERS sorting through boxes of donations. A few curse at him, GOODS SCATTER. We see Natalie gaining on him and Taissa not far behind.

The man throws a look over his shoulder and then darts for a MAZE OF STORAGE AISLES. Taissa yells out to Natalie --

TAISSA

Mark him, I'll take the wing! Like at States!

Taissa counter-intuitively runs toward the wall of the warehouse and starts running along it in the man's direction.

ON NATALIE as she takes off SPRINTING.

CUTTING WIDE -- we see the man awkwardly zig-zagging through the storage aisles, Taissa booking it along the wall, Natalie finding a different diagonal route through the aisles and closing the gap between her and the man. For a moment, we're in awe: *Natalie and Taissa can still fucking run.*

INT. DONATION WAREHOUSE - NEARING AN EXIT - MOMENTS LATER

We see an ELEPHANT DOOR up ahead, STREETLIGHT angling in -- as we pick up the man plowing down NARROW AISLES toppling clothes and toys everywhere. Out of nowhere, Taissa tackles him. They grapple. Taissa clawing at his balaclava, when --

The man's ELBOW clumsily hits her in the face. She goes down with a BLOODY NOSE. The man stumbles to his feet, rushing toward the elephant door. Dodging shelves, he casts a frantic look backwards toward the women pursuing him, then --

CRASH! A flurry of GLITTER AND CONFETTI explodes into the air as the man crashes into a DISPLAY OF ARTS & CRAFTS SUPPLIES. Sparkles rain down on him as he quickly recovers, barely missing a beat as he SLAMS through the door...

Seconds behind him, Natalie's out the door, too, into--

EXT. DONATION WAREHOUSE PARKING LOT - SECONDS LATER

Natalie bursts out into the night, only to see a GENERIC SEDAN speeding away-

INT. SHAUNA'S MINIVAN / EXT. WAREHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Shauna drives like she's possessed, SCREECHING around the warehouse, weaving through donation vans, keeping her eyes peeled for the man. As et of HIGH BEAMS suddenly blinds her--

SHAUNA

Shit!

She SLAMS on the brakes and SWERVES. The SEDAN blows past her. As the minivan SKIDS to a stop, she gets an even bigger shock: her headlights sweep Natalie, who is whipping out the GLOCK and pointing it at the fleeing car!

WITH NATALIE - taking aim -- as Taissa runs up with blood on her face, knocking Natalie's arm to the side--

TAISSA

No!

BANG! The GUNSHOT reverberates harmlessly into the night.

Taissa and Natalie catch their breath, too winded to speak. Shauna jogs over, alarmed--

SHAUNA

Natalie! What the hell!?

But Natalie's pointing at the parking lot strewn with debris: trash, dirty towels... and finally, the CHEETOS BAG into which, at their urging, Natalie placed the GPS tracker.

Natalie picks up the Cheetos bag. She turns it upside down and the tracker CLATTERS to the pavement. She glares.

NATALIE

Got any ideas now? Should we look for an asshole covered in glitter?

EXT. WILDERNESS - DAY (1996)

On our expedition party, moving through the woods again. It's even darker and more ominous now. Like they've wandered off the path into some fairy tale. Mari stops.

MARI

Do you hear that?

They all cock their heads, listening for a moment.

VAN

It sounds like a stream...

Trying to get a bead on the direction:

 TAISSA
We should fill up on water. Sounds
like it's this way...

As they move off, the sound of running water grows louder,
and we--

CUT TO:

INT. SHAUNA'S MINIVAN / EXT. STREET - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

Shauna driving with Taissa and Natalie. The SILENCE is
thick. A long beat, then --

 NATALIE
I wasn't going to kill him.

 SHAUNA
Really? What was your plan? Shoot him
in the leg, through the back
windshield? 'Cause it sure felt for a
minute there like we were all going
away for murder.

 NATALIE
(under her breath)
Like we haven't done worse.

Shauna BANGS on the steering wheel, flaring with anger --

 SHAUNA
Speak for yourself, Natalie. Don't
drag us into your. Fucking. Endless
pit of guilt.

More SILENCE. Finally, Taissa attempts to break the tension.

 TAISSA
At least we know Fuckface is a man.

 SHAUNA
No we don't. He could be working with
someone else -- including that
reporter bitch...

Taissa gives a sigh.

 TAISSA
Whoever it is, now they have fifty
grand. And they know we're onto them.
(MORE)

TAISSA (CONT'D)

What if they spill our secrets just to spite us?

NATALIE

(dark)

I'm not going to let that happen.

Shauna looks at Natalie in the REARVIEW as she drives.

SHAUNA

Yeah? What're you gonna do? Get yourself a flamethrower and start knocking on doors along Route 9?

NATALIE

Pull over

Shauna keeps driving.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

Pull over -- or I'll jump out!

Natalie POPS the door while they're moving and starts to UNCLIP her seatbelt. They know she just might do it.

Shauna SKIDS to a stop at the side of the street.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

You don't get it, do you? This isn't just for us. It's for Travis.

Natalie gives them a steely look, her toughness the (crumbling) wall keeping all her churning emotions -- about Travis, about *them* -- at bay.

TAISSA

(softly)

Nat. We're not even sure his death is connected to any of this --

NATALIE

The fuck it isn't! And I know you think I'm crazy. All your -- looks and your "concern." You think I don't get it? Here's what I see: You're both as fucked up as I am. You're not "stable." You're not "healthy." You're living on the brink like me and just a whole lot better at lying to yourselves.

Natalie kicks the car door open and gets out.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

If you're too scared to help me, I'll
do this on my own.

SHAUNA

Natalie--

But she's already storming off down the DIMLY LIT STREET.
Off Shauna and Taissa, helpless to stop her, disturbed by
what she said, as Natalie disappears into the shadows --

EXT. WILDERNESS - MOMENTS LATER (1996)

A HAND SUBMERGED IN A STREAM OF BLOOD. The hand pulls back,
dripping from the strange, crimson stream. WIDEN TO REVEAL
the other girls watching as Misty shakes her hand dry.

MISTY

We definitely shouldn't drink it.

MARI

No shit. It smells weird.

AKILAH

What did Lottie say was in her dream?
A river of blood?

MARI

And a cloud of red smoke...

TAISSA

Yeah, and last night I dreamed I went
water skiing with Princess Diana. So?

Van takes a step forward, completely entranced, tugging at
Lottie's bone, rubbing it between her fingers, now a nervous
tick. Misty eyes the water.

MISTY

I think mineral deposits can change
water's color. Like iron, maybe?

Eyeing Van warily --

TAISSA

I'm sure that's what it is, then.

(then)

C'mon, this has been a fun detour,
but we should keep moving...

Still fascinated, the girls slowly start to move back
when --

MARI

Um, guys...?

The COMPASS in Mari's hand spins out of control, the needle WHIRLING every direction.

TAISSA

The iron must be messing with the compass, right?

MISTY

I don't know. Maybe?

The girls look to one another, deeply unsettled by these perplexing occurrences. But Taissa is determined to carry on.

TAISSA

It'll probably work again when we get away from this water.

She starts off, then realizes they aren't following:

TAISSA (CONT'D)

Seriously? What?

MARI

Should we... I don't know... maybe think about going back?

TAISSA

We just need to get away from here.

VAN

Wait, let's think about this.

TAISSA

Think about what?

VAN

I don't know -- this stream... it is a pretty big coincidence that Lottie dreamed about it. And now the compass is being weird...

MARI

What did Lottie say when we found the plane?

VAN

It didn't want him to leave.

TAISSA

You have to be fucking kidding me.

VAN
I'm just saying --

TAISSA
What? What are you just saying? That the fucking woods don't want us to leave? Do you know how insane that sounds? The woods don't give a shit. And this nonsense with Lottie's dreams and omens and whatever the fuck that is --

Taissa reaches for the necklace but Van turns and steps away before she can get it.

TAISSA (CONT'D)
We can survive without a compass. We'll use the sun to travel south, and we can place cairn stones or something under trees. There's a solution for everything. An explanation for everything. That said, nobody forced you to come with me. So anybody that wants to go back, by all means... But I'm losing daylight.

Taissa storms back to the main path. The girls exchange looks and silently decide to follow. Van's the last to leave, for a moment it's as though she's hypnotized by the red stream. But then she realizes she's falling behind. As she returns to the path as well...

INT. SHAUNA'S MINIVAN / EXT. STREET - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

Shauna pulls up with Taissa a block east of the drop site where they left Taissa's car. Then, almost simultaneously --

TAISSA
Are you really okay?

SHAUNA
(overlapping)
Tell me you're alright.

A beat. They hold eyes. Both knowing they're not quite there yet -- to share things like they used to. But also aware of their bond, which runs deep.

TAISSA
What's gonna happen now, Shauna?

SHAUNA

I don't know. Maybe nothing. Maybe...

... Maybe their lives are about to get blown to smithereens.
A beat. Finally --

TAISSA

Maybe this is exactly what we
deserve.

Shauna gives her a sharp look. Then she softens, seeing the
weariness on Taissa's face. Shaking her head--

SHAUNA

What happened out there was
punishment enough. No. We... we're
not bad people, Tai.

Trying to convince herself as much as anything. Taissa gives
her a long look. Finally, she sighs.

TAISSA

Yeah. I want to believe that as much
as you do.
(climbing out of the car)
'Night, Shauna.

ON SHAUNA, watching Taissa walk to her Range Rover and CHIRP
OPEN the lock. As Taissa throws her one last look --

INT. HUNTING CABIN - ATTIC - WILDERNESS - NIGHT (1996)

Shauna climbs the stairs to the attic, oil lamp in hand, to
head to bed. She looks around for a moment, feeling the
emptiness of the space in Taissa's absence. When --

Something catches her attention: the HUNTING KNIFE, sitting
on the windowsill, catching the moonlight. Next to it sits a
SMALL, CARVED WOODEN FOX. Javi's art project.

Shauna picks it up and turns it over in her hand with a
smile. Then, replacing it on the sill, she turns off the
lamp and gets into "bed." As she closes her eyes, we TILT UP
to the rafters... the empty space where her journal should
be...

EXT. WILDERNESS - NIGHT - (1996)

A SMALL, YOUTHFUL HAND grips Shauna's STOLEN JOURNAL,
carrying it through the wooded night. As we widen out,
REVEAL: the person carrying it isn't Javi... it's Jackie.

INT. SHAUNA'S MINIVAN (MOVING/STOPPED) - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

Shauna, drained, pulls up to her DRIVEWAY. She's shocked to see ADAM, leaning against his car parked directly in front of her house.

SHAUNA
(under her breath)
Fuck is he... what?

EXT. SADECKI HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Shauna parks the minivan and gets out. As he casually walks toward her, she looks around the QUIET NEIGHBORHOOD and then back at him, exasperated.

SHAUNA
What are you doing--

ADAM
Waiting for you-

SHAUNA
It's four in the morning. How long have you been in my driveway?

ADAM
Long enough to be out of my mind, but not enough to hit full stalker?

SHAUNA
Try telling the neighborhood watch that. What if my husband and daughter were home?

ADAM
I didn't see any cars, so I made a calculation.

SHAUNA
And that makes it okay? Jesus. Go home.

ADAM
What are we doing, Shauna?

The question catches her off guard. The significance of him coming here. The intensity behind his eyes.

SHAUNA
Are you serious? What happened to "to with the flow and "see where life takes me"--

ADAM

Maybe you've made me change my mind
about all that.

Shauna shakes her head. After the night she's had, she cannot deal with this right now. She moves toward the house, but he stops her.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Wait. Listen. You... have an effect
on me. You keep me up at night,
wondering if... If we could ever--

ON SHAUNA, almost laughing. Everything wrong about this --
about him -- coming bubbling to the surface --

SHAUNA

Please stop. You are so full of shit.
"I'm an artist, open to the universe,
look at me." But really it's all an
act. All that's going on here is that
you're not in control. Which you're
not used to. So it "intrigues" you.
It appeals to your "dark side" and
fuels your low-rent narcissism.

She moves more forcefully to the house. He grabs her. She looks at his grip on her arm. A charged beat, then --

ADAM

No. Nice try. You feel exactly what
I'm talking about running between the
two of us. I know part of you wishes
your husband and daughter were
watching from that window.

He gestures to the house. We see in SHAUNA'S EYES that there's some truth in what he's saying.

ADAM (CONT'D)

A simple suburban wife and mother?
(he laughs--)
C'mon. Every cell in your body wants
to blow things up and see what
happens. It's who you are--

SHAUNA

Let me go.

ADAM

If you wanted me to do that, you
wouldn't have texted me. I was on the
floor for an hour, hoping you would
come.

(MORE)

ADAM (CONT'D)
 Even though I knew you wouldn't, so
 that you could take control.
 (then)
 Who's the real narcissist?

Adam moves in closer. We feel their fucked-up electricity.

ADAM (CONT'D)
 (a whisper)
 I had a million thoughts while I was
 lying on that floor.
 (a beat, even softer)
 I know you want to know them.

Off their intense, almost hostile attraction, HARD CUT TO:

INT. SADECKI HOUSE - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

Adam and Shauna BANG INTO the LIVING ROOM. ALL OVER each other. It's hot and apparently just what Shauna needed to release the tension of her bat-shit night. As they move past the PHOTO of Shauna, Jeff, and Callie --

INT. NATALIE'S MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

Natalie, having just walked a few miles, comes in quietly. Kevyn is asleep. She takes out the GLOCK and wearily goes over to his belongings. As she replaces the gun in a HOLSTER, we realize -- this is Kevyn's service weapon that she took without his knowledge.

Natalie kicks off her shoes, then crawls into bed with Kevyn. He sleepily pulls her into an embrace.

Natalie doesn't resist him, but she doesn't return it either. She just stares at the wall. As she feels the weight of failing Travis, the mystery of his death still unsolved --

EXT. WILDERNESS - NIGHT (1996)

A ROARING FIRE warms our expedition crew at their new basecamp, where sprits are understandably low.

TAISSA
 I know it doesn't feel like it, but
 we're one step closer to home. I
 promise this will all be-

VAN

We don't need another speech, Taissa.
We need sleep.

(then)

I'll take the first watch tonight.

TAISSA

Let me do it. You should all rest.

As Taissa watches Van curl up on her side, absentmindedly playing with the vertebrae hanging around her neck...

ON A CHOCOLATE BONBON AS A SYRINGE PUNCTURES IT...

INT. MISTY'S HOUSE - BUNKER - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

REVEAL MISTY back in the bunker, holding that syringe to a BOX OF CHOCOLATES on her lap. We're still not sure what she's doing. Neither is Jessica. But we're all watching closely...

MISTY

Know what I love about Fentanyl?

Misty continues injecting the other chocolates.

MISTY (CONT'D)

It's legal but deadly. And when people die from it, they just assume it's an overdose...

Misty plucks a piece of untainted chocolate out of the box and offers it to Jessica.

MISTY (CONT'D)

Want one?

JESSICA

I don't like chocolate.

MISTY

Everyone loves chocolate. Especially your Dad...

Misty pops it into her mouth, enjoying the decadent dessert. She rearranges the remaining candy to hide the fact that there's a missing piece. Then seals the top back on the box and slides it over to Jessica.

MISTY (CONT'D)

Eddie, right? He lives at The Cliff Dwellings retirement home down in Naples, Florida? Is this the correct address? Pretty sure it is...

This is the first time we've seen Jessica rattled. It only shows a little, but showing at all means she's very cornered.

MISTY (CONT'D)

I spoke with your father's nurse, Delores. Very pleasant. Kind of dim, but nice. Anyway, we got to talking, obviously I used a fake name, but she promised to personally see to it that your father gets his *favorite* dessert from his *favorite* daughter.

You gotta know when to fold 'em...

JESSICA

Okay. I was at Travis's house before he was killed. But he wouldn't talk to me. Even brought him a nice bottle of whiskey to loosen him up, but it didn't work. I went home after that.

Misty gives her an unimpressed look as she attaches a big, pink bow to the box of chocolates.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

But just like you, when I found out about his death, I was suspicious and I wanted to know more.

MISTY

Tell me or don't.
(re: the chocolates)
Post office opens at 8:30.

JESSICA

Travis's bank account closed right *after* he died, meaning someone other than him emptied his account. Whoever has that money probably killed Travis.

Off Misty, excited to have gotten a new clue, and satisfied to have gotten it from someone as seasoned as Jessica...

INT. SADECKI HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAWN (PRESENT DAY)

ON SHAUNA, asleep, the first RAYS OF SUN angling through the window. She startles awake when she hears a CAR pulling into the driveway. The engine killed, a car door OPEN AND SHUT.

Holy fuck. She turns panicked to the spot in the bed next to her and -- *Oh thank Christ* -- sees only rumpled bed covers. Adam is no longer there.

But wait -- just because he isn't in her bed doesn't mean he's not *in the house* -- or *that his car isn't still in the* --

JEFF

Hey Babe. Sorry, didn't mean to wake you...

She lets out a sigh of relief as JEFF, clearly not having run into her lover, comes in looking pretty wrecked. She does her best impression of a person just, you know, still in bed.

Jeff looks fidgety, uncomfortable in his own skin as he turns to the closet and starts loosening his tie --

SHAUNA

You're not just getting back from the store, are you?

JEFF

Yeah... we had an early shipment coming in, so it made sense to stay. But the good news is, I think we finally sorted out the issue with the damn database...

He quickly starts stripping off his clothes. No doubt to get as much "Bianca" off of him as he can.

JEFF (CONT'D)

How was, uh, your night?

Instead of saying she staked out a blackmailer whom Natalie shot at before they ultimately lost him, after which she came home and slept with Adam in their marital bed --

SHAUNA

Um. Boring. Callie slept at Ilana's. I made myself... soup.

Jeff nods. Okay. Despite her own behavior, the squirrely way he's acting is still pissing her off.

SHAUNA (CONT'D)

You alright?

JEFF

Yep! Just beat. I'm gonna take a hot shower, wake myself up a little.

Shauna looks at him, scoffing inside. *That the best you can do?* She wants to call him out, but it's probably not the most righteous time. Instead, she just nods. A beat of weird silence.

JEFF (CONT'D)

You want breakfast when I'm done?

SHAUNA

Depends on what you're making.

Jeff gives a strained smile.

JEFF

I'll surprise you.

He exits to go to the bathroom. Off this warped domestic bliss, and Shauna's relieved but troubled face --

INT. NATALIE'S MOTEL ROOM - DAWN (PRESENT DAY)

Natalie sleeps as Kevyn quietly gets dressed and prepares to leave. He gives her a small smile. He picks up his gun holster but... something isn't right: *the safety strap isn't snapped*. Concerned, he takes out the Glock and checks the CLIP, only to discover that a bullet is missing. But, how?

Natalie wakes up and sees him and knows immediately what he's doing. He meets her eyes. It dawns on him.

KEVYN

(incredulous)

You screwed around with my gun?

She says nothing for a beat.

KEVYN (CONT'D)

My, god, Natalie, what did you do?

NATALIE

I robbed a liquor store.

KEVYN

Oh Jesus--

NATALIE

I'm kidding.

(lies)

I went out to buy some smokes and...
took it for protection. I sat in the
park checking it out and...

accidentally pulled the trigger.

(off Kevyn)

Don't worry, it went into the dirt.

No one got hurt.

KEVYN

Every round, I have to account for.

Do you realize that?

NATALIE

No.

KEVYN

No, of course you don't. Where in the
park did it go off? Show me--

NATALIE

I can't remember.

KEVYN

You were on a bench, weren't you? You
can't remember which?

NATALIE

No.

KEVYN

Were you high?

NATALIE

No.

KEVYN

(beside himself)

Well then why can't you... you know
what, no. I'm not sure I believe you,
and I'm not sure it even matters.
Just tell me honestly: Did you commit
a crime?

Off Natalie, not technically sure what the right answer
is --

KEVYN (CONT'D)

Did you?

NATALIE

No.

Kevyn gives a hard, perfunctory nod. Then starts grabbing up his stuff. Angry, wounded --

KEVYN

I thought we had something. I thought this was--

Natalie turns dark and sarcastic, as if she can't help it --

NATALIE

What? "Real?"

KEVYN

(clipped)
Yes.

NATALIE

Well, sorry to break it to you, but we have just been fucking. Your high school crush on me was cute. Now, it's just pathetic.

KEVYN

Fuck you.

And he's out the door. SLAMMING it behind him. Off Natalie, her self-destructiveness hanging in the air like poison--

EXT. WILDERNESS - NIGHT (1996)

A vast expanse of woods -- the trees twisting and cadaverous against the starry night sky. We slowly creep toward a faint, glowing light amongst the undergrowth of moss and ferns...

Getting closer, we realize it's the glow of an OIL LAMP as we -- FIND JACKIE sitting with her back against the gnarled trunk of a massive old-growth tree, Shauna's journal open in her lap. As she reads, tears stream down her face, glinting in the moonlight.

Off this haunting portrait of devastation and betrayal...

CUT TO BLACK.

PRE-LAP THE SOUND OF HOWLS...

EXT. WILDERNESS - NIGHT (1996)

Taissa gasps awake, surrounded by darkness. But also... pine needles. Tree branches. She sucks in a breath as she realizes that she's floating in space...

WIDEN TO REVEAL Taissa perched on a tree branch twenty feet above the ground. Beyond frightened, she can't grasp what the fuck is going on. *How did she get there?*

As she struggles to make sense of it all, she looks down and to her horror, sees both the FLARE GUN in her hands and VAN'S BONE NECKLACE AROUND HER OWN NECK. When --

There's another low howl, then another. This time joined by the sound of TERRIFIED SCREAMS.

Taissa tucks the flare gun into the waistband of her shorts and scrambles down the tree as the DESPERATE CRIES for help echo through the wilderness--

EXT. WILDERNESS - MOMENTS LATER (1996)

Taissa stumbles into camp to find - THE FIRE IS DOWN TO EMBERS. She can hardly see anything in the pitch dark night. Just barely making out the awful scene before her:

THREE SNARLING WOLVES menace Misty, Mari, and Akilah. The terrified girls SHOUT and CURSE at them, warding them off with BURNING BRANCHES...

Taissa pulls out the FLARE GUN as she runs toward them frantically, mentally taking a headcount --

 TAISSA
Van! Where's--

 MISTY
 (pointing)
Over there!

As Taissa strains to see through the darkness, a PIERCING SCREAM splits the night.

Across the camp, she can barely make out: Van, on the ground, struggling desperately against a VICIOUS ALPHA WOLF.

Taissa takes aim at the writhing chaos that is the attacking wolf and --

BANG! The FLARE arcs across the darkness with a BRIGHT FLASH and a TRAIL OF RED SMOKE (recalling Lottie's dream), hitting the Alpha and causing the wolf to retreat with a pained YELP.

But to Taissa's horror, the wolf quickly turns and starts toward the dark figure of Van again, snarling, not at all ready to abandon its prey...

Taissa spots the AXE on the ground near their campfire. She grabs it -- not thinking, just SPRINTING towards Van to save her. Half out of her mind, Taissa boldly charges the wolf and swings the axe, plunging it into the animal's side and knocking it clear of Van's body.

Blood and guts splash in every direction as Taissa hacks away at the wolf until it gives a final DEATH YELP and its body is a PULPY BLACK MASS.

As the other wolves whimper and retreat...

TAISSA

Van!

Taissa rushes to Van, who lies like a discarded ragdoll on the ground. Hair bloodied. Clothes tattered. Taissa kneels over her... is she even breathing?

The other girls crowd around, panting, traumatized, afraid for their friend--

AKILAH

Taissa...

Taissa gestures for them to stay back. Gingerly, she begins to roll a motionless Van onto her back...

TAISSA

(voice cracking)

She'll be okay, she's okay...

But even Taissa doesn't believe this, as we REVEAL Van's terribly mutilated face. Her skin is indented with claw marks and deep gashes. A GAPING SLICE through her cheek has caused a FLAP of SKIN to hang loose, exposing Van's jaw.

ON TAISSA, as she reacts... then breaks. Tears pouring out of her. And as she holds Van in her arms, and lets out a heart-wrenching GUTTURAL SCREAM --

CUT TO BLACK.